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THE INVISIBLE.

If there is naught but what we see
What is the wide world worth to me?
But is there naught but what we see?
A thousand things on every hand
My sense is dumb to understand;
I know we eddy round the sun;
When has it dizzied anyone?
I know the round worlds draw from far
Through hollow systems star to star;
But who has e'er upon a strand
Of those great cables laid his hand?
What reaches up from room to room
Of chambered earth, through glare or gloom,
Through molten flood and fiery blast,
And binds our hurrying feet so fast?
'Tis the earth-mother's love, that well
Will hold the motes that round her dwell;
Through granite hills you feel it stir
As lightly as through gossamer:
Its grasp unseen by mortal eyes,
Its grain no lens can analyze.

—Edward Rowland Sill.

THE PACIFIC

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A NATIONAL SALVATION FUND.

Japan holds that her action with reference to China has been with the intent of preserving the peace of the Orient. But the first effect has been to stir up and unite the latent military spirit of the greatest peace-loving nation in the world. A correspondent of a New York daily writes from Hongkong that "the feeling, already general, is growing in strength that China should begin at once to prepare for the future."

A great mass meeting was held recently in Pekin and $800,000 subscribed as a nucleus for a "National Salvation Fund," which it is thought will mount up soon to two million dollars in Pekin alone. The money is to be kept in government banks until fifty million dollars have been secured, when the donors will be asked to vote on the disposition of the fund. Among the things now in mind are: The assistance of the army, the increase of the navy, and the building of a great arsenal for the manufacture of munitions of war.

One of the leading Chinese newspapers says: "There is no concealing the fact that the concessions to Japan are exceedingly injurious to our people and country."

Another Pekin paper says: "The question whether or not China will be absorbed by Japan depends upon the attitude of the Chinese people themselves."

While some do not blame the Government, many others do. One paper says: "Our diplomats, after giving away our national rights in unfaithfulness to their duty to the people, endeavor to excuse themselves by attributing the fault to the weakness of the country. They have ignored the wishes of the people and have laid the foundation for the partition of China. No punishment is severe enough for such a crime."

The Hongkong correspondent expresses the judgment that Japan's action was ruthless, and says that if the action is not reviewed by the European congress at the close of the war it will require more than Japan to preserve the peace of the Orient, and that the responsibility for breaking that peace will not rest with long-suffering China.

The Pacific does not presume at present to express an opinion as to the right or wrong of Japan's action. The question is too involved and far-reaching. Snap judgments are too common nowadays. We have no desire to add to the number.

It is better to reconcile an enemy than to conquer him.

THE COALITION GOVERNMENT.

It is evident that Mr. Philip Snowden, a Labor member of Parliament, does not look with much favor on the Coalition Government. He is especially displeased in that the Labor Party is represented there. He writes in The Christian Commonwealth: "The most valuable possession the Labor Party had, its greatest weapon of usefulness, has been surrendered—the liberty of independent criticism."

Mr. Snowden goes on to say: "There is not one valid reason in favor of the Labor Party joining the Coalition."

This Coalition, he says, was the only way in which the Liberal Government could hope to perpetuate its rule. "The Liberal Government could not, in any circumstances, have survived much longer. The want of confidence between members of the Cabinet, the constant quarrels between Ministers and permanent officials, the extraordinary contradictions of each other's statements on the most vital matters by members of the Cabinet in public speeches, the discreditable bungling over the liquor problem, the abject surrender to the distilleries and publicans, the unfortunate handling of the labor difficulty—all these have so discredited the late Government that it was impossible for them to remain in office much longer."

Mr. Snowden states that " if the Coalition had been confined to the Liberal and Unionist parties only it would have mattered little. But the inclusion of the Labor representatives involves the whole future of the British democracy." Indeed, he goes so far as to declare that the Labor Party has now ceased to exist.

It is stated further by Mr. Snowden that there is no enthusiasm among the Unionists over the Coalition. They went into it probably from the fact that the onerous and difficult problem of conducting the war was more than they wanted to shoulder.

THE RETURN OF B. FAY MILLS.

The career of B. Fay Mills is known generally to the readers of The Pacific. He had pastorates in Congregational and Presbyterian churches and was for several years highly successful as an evangelist. Suddenly he departed from his old time faith, becoming first a Unitarian and finally a devotee of New Thought.

Now it appears he is about to enter into membership in a presbytery.

We quote from The Advance:

"Several months ago, Mr. Mills' son, Thornton, pastor of an independent "liberal" church in Battle Creek, Mich., sought counsel of his father as to his own future plans, and his father concurred with him in the judgment that he ought to unite with the Congregational Association, which the son did, his church accompanying him in a body. This brought home to the father with new emphasis some elements of inadequacy in his own relations with the faith of his early ministry. Arriving in Chicago three weeks ago, he sought counsel of men whose judgment he trusted, and as the result of this he made a preliminary statemment of his change in faith in the First Congregational Church of Oak Park on Sunday, May 30. No advance announcement was made of this, nor was any report published, as Mr. Mills was not yet ready for a formal announcement of his proposed change. He now announces that his theological thinking and spiritual experiences have led him and his wife into a practical harmony with Christian theology as or-

dinarily held by the orthodox churches.

"Mr. Mills was invited to meet a number of prominent Congregational clergymen, presided over by the Rev. W. E. Barton, D. D., at a luncheon at the University Club a few days ago, and later he was the guest of a score of leading Presbyterian pastors and theological professors of the Presbyterian Church. At their request he gave a frank statement of his theological views and his personal experience, and met with a reception so cordial that he decided to apply for admission to the Presbytery of Chicago. The officers of the Presbytery have called a meeting for Monday morning, June 21, for the purpose of taking definite action concerning Mr. Mills' reception. Prominent ministers of other denominations, such as Rev. Charles Bayard Mitchell, D.D., of St. James Methodist Church; Bishop Samuel Fallows of the Reformed Episcopal Church, and the Rev. Doctors Johnston Meyers of the Emanuel Baptist and Rev. John Timothy Stone of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, learning of Mr. Mills' position, have extended to him the hand of fellowship; and Doctor Mitchell, the chairman of the public meeting committee of the Federal Council of Churches, has called a special meeting at noon on June 21, in order that all the ministers of the city may listen to Mr. Mills, and welcome him to his former associations; and Mr. Mills will also be heard during the afternoons and evenings of next week at churches of various denominations throughout the city."

In a statement made last week in Chicago Mr. Mills said:

"I know all the philosophies and religions of the world, and I find their best conceptions better stated in the faith of my fathers. It would not be appropriate for me to make a theological statement until after the meeting of the Presbytery by next Monday, but I will say this, that at that time I will announce my acceptance of the positive fundamental doctrines of Christianity in an unreserved and complete manner.

"Second, the great need of the present world. Even our modern civilization seems to be shaking, not simply on account of the European war, but also through the great strain of our economic conditions and revolution and the prevalence of lawlessness. If there is any hope for the salvation of this world, it appears to me to be through the Christian faith and practice.

"Third, I see the need and opportunity of the church. I know that it has not fulfilled its mission, but for all that I believe it to be the organization purest in aim and most effective in endeavor for the production of individual and social righteousness. I no longer expect the impossible at this present stage of development, but I see an illimitable opportunity for an awakened, enlightened and consecrated church, and I once more gladly and whole-heartedly give myself to the service of humanity through its instrumentality."

FRIENDS COME TO THE DEFENSE OF DR. PARKHURST.

At a meeting of the New York Presbytery last week the action of the General Assembly in accepting a protest condemning the Rev. Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst in connection with the prohibition campaign in California was denounced as the grossest form of unconstitutionality by the Rev. Dr. J. G. Patterson. He declared that Dr. Parkhurst was censured without cause and convicted without a hearing."

"There is a tendency on the part of the Assembly to consider themselves it,—using the popular phraseology", remarked Dr. Patterson.

The Rev. Dr. Mundenhall characterized the Assembly's action in connection with Dr. Parkhurst as "rude, ungentlemanly, uncourteous, and unconstitutional."

Dr. Parkhurst had explained to New York Presbytery some months ago that he favored temperance, but regarded a fight to suppress only the sale of strong liquor as more practical than a fight for absolute prohibition, and no action was taken by the New York Presbytery at that time on the complaint from the Oakland Presbytery.

The Continent, an influential Presbyterian paper, states that the resolution was sprung unexpectedly on the General Assembly by the Rev. George Long of San Jose, and intimates that it went through without much thought on the part of the commissioners.

It looks as if that resolution is going to rankle among the Presbyterians and do more harm than good.

It never pays to neglect to give an accused man a hearing.

SOME OF THE THINGS LONDON NEWSPAPERS ARE SAYING.

An Ever-Increasing Call For The Mobilization Of Industries And Compulsory Army Service.

An English business man who travels widely writes in a letter to the London Times in the last week in May:

"Though a large part of the nation is alive to our danger, there is no question that there are still two Englands—one of which is ignorant, apathetic, or selfish. I travel widely and always third-class. I find this view held everywhere. I am told of young unmarried men who say, 'Let the married men go, and we can have their land.' I am told of local preachers who are steadily advising against enlistment, and who ought to be dealt with by law. I am told of married men who are even taunted by their unmarried neighbors, 'I'll go when you do.' "

Another writes: "All the best blood of the nation is already serving at the front. The flower of British manhood are daily laying down their lives. If the slackers are not made to do their duty, what will be the condition of the country when the war is over? It is dreadful to contemplate; every possible inducement has been tried to persuade these men to do their duty, but in vain. Stern measures are now imperative. Let the new government see to it that every able-bodied man in Great Britain is forced to do his duty either on the field of battle or in the workshop."

In another letter in the Times we find this: "All the men who have in them the flame of patriotism and who are of military age and medically fit are serving their country. . . . There are yet others in whom there is a spark of patriotism, unmarried men, whose business or whose friends are holding them back. One of them says, "If I went now John Smith, my rival, would step into my shoes and take my little business, which I have been steadily working up, but if we had compulsory service, John Smith and I would both go.' The other says, 'I too would welcome compulsory service; it would make my duty clear to me and to my friends."

The Bishop of Pretoria, who returned recently from the front where he had been aiding the chaplains, stated:

"Thousands of the finest and most gallant lives that the Empire has ever produced are being thrown away because the nation has not realized that it is at war.

"There is only one way to make the nation realize this fact, and that is by bringing every member of it under the

direct orders of the state for one purpose and one purpose only. Nothing else matters today."

The Bishop reported that men in the trenches were objecting to the allowing of the men in the work-shops to make their own conditions as to hours of work, chuck their jobs whenever they wanted to, strike and be cajoled back again in one way and another, while their lives were thus subjected to a greater menace.

Henry Scott Holland of Christ's Church, Oxford, points out that it must be made plain to the workers that the nation and not individuals will reap the benefit:

"Control or compulsion cannot be imposed upon labor if there is any suspicion that the labor serves any private or particular interests. Here lies the whole question. If we desire to mobilize industry we must mobilize it as a whole. We cannot socialize one of its fundamental factors and leave its correlative untouched. Labor will be ready enough to serve the national need, but it must be assured that its service goes to benefit nothing less than the nation. This is the vital issue. Is this what is intended by those who are calling for national service? If it is, all may be well; but if not, we are heading for disaster.

The Archdeacon of London, who has been doing constable duty in the East End, said in a recent address that he had been told repeatedly that people did not care whether they were under the kaiser or under the king. He stated that he had just passed a crowd in St. Paul's churchyard where a British officer was imploring young men to come forward and save their country and themselves. His remark in connection was: "It was humiliating that a British officer should do that; and the response was humiliating."

A wounded officer said in a letter to the London Times: "We British as a whole have no conception of what we are up against. We have all got an extraordinary idea that 'Germany is bound to be beaten.' Germany is not beaten until we march into Berlin, for in no other way can this eruption from hell be stamped out. This will never be accomplished by half measures. If the British army is ever going to march into Prussia. We've got to go the whole hog. We little realize that we are face to face with the possible—nay the probable—complete collapse of modern civilization."

Frederic Harrison early in June wrote in one of the London journals: "Having served the cause of labor now for 50 years past, I see with shame and bitterness how ill some sections of the workmen are serving their country; in very truth how they are traitors to their order and their race. The great labor leaders with whom I worked long years ago would have sunk with shame and remorse to have seen what some so-called trade-unionists are doing now. Let there be not only a national call to arms but a national call to labor as well.'

The last number of the Saturday Review to reach this country said editorially: "If the Government decides, as they must, to mobilize the productive as well as the fighting forces of the nation, the workers in commerce as well as the fighters at the front must be put under discipline. The great bulk of the workers are ready and willing to welcome such a change; it would free them from trouble with the slackers, and—what is so much needed today—would awaken the whole nation to a situation which has now become exceedingly serious."

Concerning the new Cabinet the Times says editorially: They are placed at the head of a nation which has only one object in view—to beat the Germans; and only one desire—to be thoroughly organized to do it. Will they realize that in this matter the people are already far ahead of the politicians? Will they devote themselves from the very outset to mobilizing us, one and all, from the richest to the poorest, for that form of work in which each can best assist the cause? We hope that national service in the broadest sense will be the watchword and first work of the new government On that the future of our race and empire depends."

THE DRINK PROBLEM IN ENGLAND.

Some Facts Presented In London Papers.

A staff writer on The British Congregationalist writes:

"If anyone wishes to understand the real hindrance and obstruction of national efficiency arising from strong drink in our present national emergency, let him expend the sum of threepence and purchase from the Government publishers a copy of the Report and Statistics of Bad Time kept in Shipbuilding, Munitions and Transport Areas. It is a revealing document. It knocks the head from all the excuses employed to account for the slackness complained of. Every argument is advanced which might parry the damning evidence produced by the Government that drink is at the bottom of the mischief. Sometimes it is long hours of employment which cause the shortage. Sometimes it is the lack of Sunday rest. Sometimes it is the employment of unsuitable men in place of those manly and trustworthy artisans who have left their useful industry to go to the war. The White Paper, however, leads to one unavoidable conclusion, which is that in this hour of national peril Mr. Lloyd George was right when he said that, amidst all our enemies, drink was the worst. Let us quote some few out of the many evidences of the truth of this as seen in the Government White Book.

"I do not think anyone can peruse this State document without feeling that in this dark hour of our nation's history the darkest cloud in our sky is the proved indulgence in intoxicating liquors on the part of a very large minority of those workers at home on whose industry depends the efficiency of our men at the war.

"In reports to the First Lord of the Admiralty with respect to the effect of excessive drinking on output of work on shipbuilding repairs and munitions, it is shown how that in one case of 135 fitters on the average each man did little more than three-quarters of a day's work. This report says that the most potent reason for the loss of time is in the facilties which exist for men to obtain beer and spirits. This relates to the north-east coast. Another report from the same district says: 'Regret to say considerable number of our workmen are absent from duty to-day—drinking.'

From the Clyde we get the following:

'Regret to complain construction of H. M. S.——delayed through workmen absenting themselves from work through excessive drinking.' 'The time-keeping of the men is not at all satisfactory; whole gangs are thrown out owing to the absence of three or four hands. The firms are of opinion that, short of martial law, the only thing to stop it is to stop the sale of spirits.' A series of tables is given showing the time lost by men employed on Government work, and it is really appalling. I select another report which in its way is especially suggestive: 'In a shipyard last week where a warship is under repair, work on the inner bottom of the ship was so badly carried out that it could not have been done by men who were sober. It was dangerous and had

to be condemned. In the same yard (and it is common in most others) drunken men nominally at work have had to be removed. Men are smuggling liquor into the yards in bottles. The serious point is that it is getting worse.'

This relates to the Clyde shipbuilding yards. Now let us trace the working of the same evil in Southampton. We find a case of seven men here who had signed on as firemen to a transport ship which was to convey 1,000 soldiers across the English Channel. Not one of these men turned up till three and a half hours after time, then only two, and one of these drunk! Two others had been detained by the police because of drunkenness. The troops had to be provided, after much delay, with another vessel. And so the sad tale goes on.

"These are but the merest samples. There are thirty-one pages of similar matter. And yet in dealing with the traffic the King's Ministers are baffled, and in the present condition of things Parliament is paralysed. We have nurtured a poisonous trade which in the hour of our need us and smites us. To go over the various proposals of the Government, to remedy the crying evils laid bare in the pages of the Government White Book, to watch their treatment in the House of Commons, only to be one abandoned at the bidding of a trade the most purely selfish that can be conceived, is surely humiliating to anyone who rightly values the freedom and independence of the British people. God help our soldiers in Belgium and France and our brave sailors on the waters if they had to depend on these slackers at home. True they are but a minority of our noble army of patient, honest workmen, but they are sufficient to dislocate the social organism."

Mr. Philip Snowden, a member of Parliament, stated in a recent number of the Christian Commonwealth:

"The prohibition of spirits could not be adopted because of the opposition the proposal met with from people who were not willing to sacrifice a luxury or a vice to help the country in this time of need. To those people the liberty to indulge their tastes appears to be a matter of greater concern than to save the lives of the men in the field. The patriotism of these people was shown on the day after the Chancellor made his proposals for the increase in the duties on spirits, wines and beer, the leading wine and spirit dealers were overwhelmed with orders for wines and spirits from these patriotic people who wanted to get their stock of liquor without paying the added duties which Parliament had imposed the day before. On the other hand, the spirit-merchants showed their patriotism by adding the amount of the new duties to the prices of goods previously in stock. The workmen who are charged with excessive drinking and with losing time from work, however reprehensible their conduct may be, can at any rate point to the example of their betters'; and to the House of Commons itself, which is unwilling to take the pledge of abstinence from liquor even during working hours."

Among those who took a stand against the movement to end all this menace were the Dean of Canterbury and the Archbishop of York. The first named said, when the king and others announced that they would abstain, that he would flatly refuse to give up liquor, that he had tried it once and had suffered in health, and would never try it again.

In an article in the Herald and Presbyter, of Cincinnati, it is stated:

"The attitude of the Church of England on the liquor question, so opposite to that of our own Church, is being widely heralded by the publicity agents of the liquor dealers, and it seems necessary, much as we regret to do so, that a statement should be made of the influences within the English Church which lie back of this action.

"As to the first of these influences, the Church of England has immense resources, and a large part of its endowment is invested in the "trade," either in the shape of stocks in brewing companies, etc., or in property used for the manufacture or sale of alcoholic beverages. There, as here in America, the only tangible opposition to the prohibition movement is conducted by the liquor dealers themselves; it is a commercialized vice and if the Church of England were not financially interested, if the many fat "livings" which the clergy enjoy were not dependent upon the profits from the accursed traffic, the official would in all likelihood have been on the other side of the question.

"The other great factor in causing the Church to take this action was, no doubt, the personal desire of the clergy and leaders in the Church to continue the drinking habits which are, we regret to say, only too common among them.

"Another influence which also may have had more or less to do with the action of the convocation is the fact that the Church of England is part of the government of England; the appointments in the Church are more or less political and the members of the convocations may have been to some extent catering to the powerful political influences which the liquor trade controls."

WHAT THE WOMEN SAID AT THE CONVENTION.

(In the last number of "The California Voice" there is an article by Ada E. Ferris, under the following caption. It sets forth some of the things said by women delegates to the recent convention of the temperance forces of the state which was held in Fresno, and which framed the two prohibitory amendments which are to be submitted to the voters in California next year. The article states also that the women went home feeling that they had not been treated with courtesy or consideration. Read the article which immediately follows this note, and then read our comment thereon.—Editor.)

It is a notable fact that with one exception—possibly two—all the ladies who spoke at the convention were strongly opposed to any delay or temporizing. They were Radical. They wanted their homes made safe from this evil, not some time in the dim future, but now, before their dear ones were destroyed.

"I am not here to speak for the wine men," said Mrs. Alice Woertendyke. "They seem to be well represented here already. I plead the cause of the mothers, wives and sisters. Would you want to give the liquor traffic longer time if it were your boy's life that was being ruined thereby?"

"You pity the poor grape-grower," spoke Mrs. Wilhoit; "but have you no consideration for the poor mother laboring at the washtub to support her hungry children and her drunken husband? Must the drunkards' wives be left to struggle on four years longer without relief that the wine men may continue to prosper? We have never yet gained one inch by yielding to the enemy. I do not concede that the liquor business has any right to go on ruining our children till it is convenient for it to stop."

"I come from a wine district," declared Mrs. Adams, "and I tell you that the wine men do not need four years more They have already taken warning from our election last fall. Some of them are setting out trees between

their rows of vines to have them growing against the day the vine must come up. Others have already pulled up their vines to plant alfalfa or other crops And there is no profit in wine grapes at the prices the winery men pay for them, anyhow. They do not pay enough to pay for the gathering. No, they don't need any more time—but what of our boys, many of whom will be ruined past redemption if this goes on four years longer?"

"You say you cannot get prohibition in less than five years," forcibly protested another lady. "You can. You can get it in five hours—five minutes—if you really mean it. We had it in San Francisco itself when Gen. Funston so ordered. Think of our boys and our homes."

But they pleaded in vain. Those who managed the convention did not even take the trouble to answer beyond repeating that the extension of time was absolutely necessary.

"Do you know what struck me as the most wonderful thing at the convention?" said one lady delegate on the homeward trip. "Positively the most remarkable thing I ever saw in such a meeting?"

"The harmony that prevailed?" someone asked.

"No, more singular than that. It was the sublime confidence in their own judgment shown by the managers of the whole affair and their magnificent unconcern about the wishes or the feelings of the women whose homes were in danger. It was unparalleled in my experience. Why, one told me outright that the women were saying quite too much about keeping the stuff out of the homes—they would hurt the cause by talking so."

For it is a fact that most of the women went away feeling that they had not been treated with courtesy or consideration. "It was not like a Prohibition convention," they said. "These men treated us like babies, to be patronizingly listened to and ignored rather than as voting citizens with as much at stake as themselves and as much right to say what should be done. They might just as well have said outright, 'Oh, don't bother us about your boys! If you can't save them yourselves, let them go to the devil. Boys are cheap, anyhow—plenty more where they came from. But the wine business is business and must be given time to close up properly.' "

An unfortunate impression to have given, for without the women's votes and work as well those amendments haven't a ghost of a chance. ADA E. FERRIS.

We were in attendance at the convention at Fresno and came away deeply impressed with the thought that the women speakers with a few exceptions did not cover themselves with honor and glory by their actions and declarations. They were told repeatedly with the utmost courtesy that it was the deliberate judgment of the large majority of the most thoughtful persons interested in the cause that an amendment which did not give considerable time for those engaged in the wine industry to change to something other would in all probability meet with defeat and the awful traffic be fastened on the State for several years beyond 1920.

The women in general, however, seemed obsessed with the idea that all that was necessary was for that convention to frame an amendment and that it would meet with a glorious victory at the polls. They, as well as a few men who are party prohibitionists, seemed blind to the fact that a majority of 175,000 at the last election must be overcome. And so repeatedly and insistently did they come to the attack on the amendments proposed by the Committee of One Hundred that what was pathetic to many was ludicrous to others, and it must be admitted that some delegates lost control of themselves and greeted the utterances finally with outbursts of laughter. At length the revered Mrs. Bidwell went to the platform and asked of these men more consideration, stating that the women were inexperienced in conventions, etc., and that they would learn in due time.

One Los Angeles woman was bobbing up somewhat continuously, in such manner as to create levity.

The facts are that there wasn't a delegate at Fresno who wasn't just as anxious as these women were to stamp out the whole traffic within a year, but they were wise enough to see that it couldn't be done except by some special divine interposition such as modern centuries at least have no record of. Instead of magnificent unconcern about the wishes and feelings of the women whose homes were in danger, the leaders in the Fresno convention, in our judgment, showed magnificent concern.

Aside from the fact that there was now and then a little unseemly laughter at some of the women they had all the consideration that could reasonably be asked.

"Sublime confidence in their own judgment!" But it was the judgment of the very large majority of the 560 delegates. Why should one woman or a small minority desire to put up against it a much more "sublime confidence"?

We look for the entrance of women into the great public conventions to have a cultural effect on men, but we do not look for it to bring men to yield their deliberate judgments and conscientious convictions to the desires and demands of the women.

EXPERIENCES OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN IN BERLIN.

One of the delegates to the Women's Peace Congress at the Hague went to Berlin at the close of the conference. She writes about it in a very interesting way in the New York Evening Post. We make some excerpts for the readers of The Pacific:

"All Berlin is grim and tense. People pass and repass on the street. The shops are open, life goes on. But there is no genial friendliness, no lingering over a glass of beer, no bit of gay song. Everywhere there are gray, dusty, and worn uniforms. When a troop of soldiers pass, their faces are pale, their feet drag. The goose-step has vanished.

My host is a university professor, his wife an American. They are all hospitality, but their zealousness torments me. I am the heathen whose soul must be saved.

From the day of my arrival to the moment of my departure we have but one topic of conversation—Germany's virtues and America's sins. A great pity seizes me for this tragic couple. Their thin, pallid faces bespeak wracked nerves and tortured souls. Under the domination of a government they adore, they dare not criticize. To question would be to shatter their world. German culture, German art, the government, Bismark, the kaiser, the invasion of Belgium, the sinking of the Lusitania—in all things Germany is wisdom and righteousness. Surrounded by enemies, wicked monsters, Germany, the perfect, is fighting for its life. Better a thousand times that the Lusitania be sunk and Americans killed than let American bullets reach the allies to inflict death on German soldiers.

"American bullets"—hourly the phrase is flung in my face.

My protest that as a peace delegate I am fighting for the

prohibition of traffic in arms and the limitation of their manufacture to the government, brings no relief.

Pity for this tragic couple gives me patience. Behind the ostentatious display of bread and the sneering allusions to "starvation" and "barbarity," I see fear and bitterness bred of fear.

The man is 40 and frail. Yet in a few days he must report for duty to the army. A question and a dread has crept into the heart of the German people: "What if we should not win?"

The grain supplies are running low. Not only bread but fodder for the animals is lacking. The cattle are being killed and put in cold storage to save the expense of feeding. The few cab horses in Berlin fall in the street from hunger. In all the trains are printed the following "Ten Commandments":—

1. Don't eat more than necessary. Don't eat between meals.

2. Consider bread sacred. Use every little piece. Dry bread makes good soup.

3. Be economical with butter and fat. Use jam instead of butter. Most of the fat we get from abroad.

4. Use milk and cheese.

5. Use much sugar. Sugar is nourishing.

6. Boil potatoes with the skins on; then nothing is lost in peeling.

7. Drink less beer and alcohol; then the supply of rye which these are made will be greater.

8. Eat vegetables and fruit. Plant vegetables in every little piece of earth. Be economical with preserved vegetables.

9. Gather all you don't eat for the animals.

10. Cook with gas and coke. The ashes from coke makes good fertilizers.

Moral—Obey these 10 commandments and economize for the Fatherland. The rich must also follow these commandments.

With the fresh crops has come renewed strength. But when the fall comes, what is to be done? There is no longer a canning industry, for there is no tin. In such an atmosphere of depression and suppression my free American spirit suffocates. I plan an escape. Somewhere in Berlin are free fearless souls. These I must find. My hosts fear to have me venture out alone. One of the American peace delegates was driven by an angry mob from a tram car for speaking English.

I take my map and study it. I have the addresses of some social democrats. How to get to them? My hosts do not tolerate such people. Then I remember the American embassy and a young man friend. I plead a luncheon engagement. This seems safe and in a cab unaccompanied, I escape. To my countryman I explain my predicament. All absences are to be accounted for by him.

Then alone, map in hand, I start out. I walk many weary blocks, slinking along side streets and avoid the complication of tram-car conversations. I seem to be living in the days of conspiracies and dime novels. And truly I am, for day by day the plot thickens.

I am received with open arms by the rebel women, and at once nick-named the "criminal." In them I find the Germans I sought. Free fearless people, whose love for the Fatherland is so great that they dare protest!

But these women are momentarily in danger. Their gatherings are secret. We meet in out-of-the-way places. I find that my telephone messages are intercepted; that a perfectly harmless letter is never delivered. I am watched. It is hard to believe. Surely I have dropped back into the Middle Ages. I have to pinch myself to realize I am an American, living in the 20th century.

Such innocent affairs, these clandestine meetings. Mere discussion of ways to protest against war and work for peace. True, we denounce the invasion of Belgium, declare that Germany began the war, and speak with loathing of the militarist spirit. But what American doesn't? The most revoluntionary talk is uttered by a gray-haired woman. the mother of grown children. A burning flame, this woman; her face stamped with world suffering, her eyes the tragic eyes of a Jane Addams.

In a secluded corner of a restaurant she whispers the great heresy: "Germany's salvation lies in Germany's defeat. If Germany wins when so many of her progressive young men have been slain, the people will be crushed in the grip of the mailed fist."

To this woman democracy is greater than any national triumph. With her I discussed the collapse of the social democrats in the hour of need, the victory of nationalism over internationalism. She attributes it to military training. During man's period of military service he becomes a thing. Automatically he acquires habits of obedience, is reduced to an unquestioning machine. Mechanically, when the call came, the social democrats fell into line with the others.

But with time has come thought, and knowledge, knowledge that in the first instance Germany's war was one of self-defense. But it is now too late to rebel. Most of the social democrats are at the front. From month to month they have put off protest as unwise. Only Liebknecht has made himself heard. Now he has been caught up in the iron hand and sent out to battle.

But women escaped the spell of militarism. While the government rejoiced at the submission of its socialist men, the women grew active. Organizing a party of their own they fought bravely. Last fall Rosa Luxembourg dashed into the street and addressed a regiment of soldiers.

"Don't go to war. Don't shoot your brothers!" she cried.

For this offense she was sent to prison for a year. Today she lies in solitary confinement. But her suffering only inspired the others. In the month of March, 750 women walked to the Reichstag. At the entrance they halted. As the members entered they shouted:—

"We will have no more war. We will have peace!"

Quickly the police dispersed them, and the order went forth that no newspaper print one word about the protest.

Still the women work on. On the 8th of April an international socialist woman's congress was held at Berne, Switz. Ten nations were represented, including all the belligerents. The task of peace propaganda in Germany is gigantic. Neither by letter nor by press can news be spread. Both are censored. The work must be carried on by spoken word, passed from mouth to mouth. The courage of the little band of women I had met was stupendous. Through them I learned to love Germany. My life in Berlin was a double one. I ate and slept and was unregenerate in one part of town, and really lived only when I escaped from "respectability," and, strange contradiction of terms, became—a "criminal" fighting for peace.

But wherever I was one fact grew omnipresent, the magnificent organization of Germany. Here lay the country's power and her weakness. Her power because it made Germany a solid unit. There were no weak links in the

chain. Her weakness because it robbed her people of individuality, made them cogs in a machine.

Even in the midst of war Germany is superbly run. The lawns are weedless, the flower-beds wonderful. The streets are clean. The tasks the able-bodied men left are performed by women, children, and old men. Nothing is neglected. I went through Berlin's biggest hospital. It was marvelous. There was every apparatus that mind can conceive, or science invent. The building was beautiful, the lawns gay with jonquils and tulips. Little portable houses had been erected to care for the wounded. Seventeen of the staff's doctors have gone to the front, but 17 women physicians have taken their places. Everything is as before. Germany's discipline is perfect.

Just outside Berlin is a little wooden city, built to give airship practice in hurling bombs. Men toiling for years have erected wonder-cities like Berlin, and now other men are practicing day and night how to destroy such a city in a day. What a travesty? It is common talk in Germany that they have at last discovered a bomb that, once ignited, cannot be put out by water.

Germany will never give in. She will fight to her last man. If pushed to the wall, all the bitterness and fear that have crept into the nation will be directed toward a gigantic effort to blow up the world. Germany no longer cares whom she hurts—like an unloved child at bay, she means to smash and kill. The pity of it! Never was there a more generous, soft-hearted, kindly people. Germany, the land of the Christmas-tree, and folk songs, and fireside, and gay childish laughter, turned into a relentless fighting machine!

It was with infinite relief that I made my departure one morning. The tragedy of Germany had eaten into my soul. As I waited on the platform for my train, carloads of soldiers came and went. One great trainful paused for some moments while the men drank coffee. A great desire seized me to call out to these men, to beg them not to go. Then I remembered Rosa Luxemburg, realized my impotence, knew I could accomplish nothing, and resolutely turned my back.

Then my train came, and I sped on into Holland. Suddenly life changed. I could speak and smile. Friendly eyes greeted me. I was no longer an outcast. From the car window I saw a subtle change had taken place in the landscape. In Germany there were no cattle in the pastures, and a few women tilled the ground. Now the meadows were full of sleek, fat cows. The peasants in the fields were singing. As we steamed through little cities all was bustle and activity. The horses looked well fed. People sat leisurely in front of cafes drinking beer. Normal life had come again. Vividly it came to me that Germany is being grievously hurt.

PRIDE'S SCHOOL.

I put my heart to school
In the world where men grow wise,
"Go out," I said, "and learn the rule;
'Come back when you win a prize."

My heart came back again:
"Now where is the prize?" I cried.—
"The rule was false, and the prize was pain,
"And the teacher's name was Pride."

—Henry Van Dyke.

WHO KILED BEACHEY?

Susan Whitcomb Hassell.

The sudden death of Lincoln Beachey in San Francisco on March fourteenth drew the attention of the nation. Great dailies gave columns of space to the details of the tragedy and to the story of his life. Legislators of his state passed resolutions of eulogy and regret. The funeral services were attended by city officials and men of big business, by representatives of the Exposition and by people of all ranks.

The "sky-tumbler," the "King of the air," was a favorite.

While news of the death shocked everybody it was a surprise to no one. People who thought anything about it had expected that he would die in just that way.

Scores of friends had urged him not to throw away his life. He admitted himself that he was doing a foolish and dangerous thing.

Two years ago when he announced that he had made his last flight, he gave as the reason his feeling that he was in part responsible for the death of nine men who had tried to imitate "my foolishly daring exploits."

He knew that by the law of probability he would die in one of his flights, but the lure of the air drew him in spite of his determination and two strong spurs urged him on.

He had said, "If I get killed in this aviation game it will be a monoplane that does it. I know the wings are liable to snap off and when that happens, it's curtains.

He built one, perilously light, it weighed only six hundred pounds with its rider, and on his fatal day, in spite of fresh warnings from older and more cautious bird-men, in spite of a promise to his sweetheart, he used the new car with which he was hardly acquainted, staking his life on the chance that those slender wings would withstand the pressure of the air while he descended from a great height and at an awful speed.

Just as he had foretold, the wings snapped and the curtain fell on his bright life.

So conspicuous was his death and so needless that it seems a matter in which the public has an intimate concern.

It is natural to ask whether it was for any good purpose. Not even the most enthusiastic believer in the usefulness of aviation can claim that he was a victim to the advance of that science. If he were, we might count his life a costly sacrifice but he wouud be honored with Livingston and Scott and the other heroes who have died to aid in man's conquest of the earth.

The "circus stunts" which made Beachey the king of aviation can never be of any value for the sane purposes of this new art.

A French aviator has just declared that during the present war aeronauts of his country in military service have sailed over one million miles with a smaller per cent of mortality than occurred during a few preceding months.

Beachey was solely an entertainer, one of the misguided men who exhibit their fool-hardiness and daring to satisfy the thirst of the public for a thrill.

His career was a series of engagements to gratify this abnormal thirst. He could be counted on to do stunts no other men could do. In the words of one advertisement he was "guaranteed to furnish thrills galore for all." He was sure to fill an hour with breathless moments and dangerous uncertainties.

He held the American record for altitude and had won the prize in figure-eight speed contests.

He could loop the loop without hands on the wheel, could spiral at thrilling angles and sail upside down. He could do, alas the pathos of it, the "death dip."

This was the reason the managers of the latest and biggest exposition had contracted with him to fly weekly for doing it.

This was the reason that exposition attendance was at its highest at three o'clock that Sunday afternoon, and that the crowd was pushing toward the Marina.

Lincoln Beachey's nerves were of steel, his courage matchless, and behind his naturally venturesome spirit were two mighty spurs,—big money and public admiration.

What value such courage might have represented to his generation. He was the stuff real heroes are made of. Has the age no use for such splendid endowment but to make a spectacle of it and force it to its own destruction?

We make laws to protect the life of the un-born child, of the useless and decrepit, because, we say, life is sacred. This youth of supreme nerve and eagle eye, and dauntless daring was offered thousands of dollars to throw his life away and sixty thousand cheered him as he went to his death.

Isn't someone responsible for his purposeless and needless death?

The coroners verdict said that Beachey died by drowning. It might as truly have said that he was a martryr to the demand for the sensational.

Do we really like shocks and hazardous speed better than the tameness of a safe journey? If not why do people who enjoy a drive into the country oftener speak of the miles the car made than of the beauties they saw on the way?

Do we really like cubist art and modern color daubs better than the matchless figures of the old masters?

Which attracts most at the present day exposition, the extravagancies and distortions of the "Zone" or the placid loveliness of the rotunda of Fine Arts?

A responsibility lies upon those wha have kept their heads level and their vision clear.

If some of us, surely not all of us, want things wild and venturesome and dangerous, it is the part of those who are sane to see that the insane do not get what they want.

Was it merely coincidence or was it a consequence that eight days after the tragedy of the Marina some one in the Legislature of that same State introduced a bill forbiding the presence of wild animals, a measure to protect men from the fury of enraged beasts. There was need that the law should be passed and that quickly, for at an attraction less than a mile from the spot of Beachey's death one may read this choice pledge, "Captain —— is guaranteed to appear in the tiger's den at each performance if he lives. Admission twenty-five cents."

A public speaker of wide influence said before a large audience, "I never saw Beachey. It is against my rule to watch a man while he risks his life. If I am trapped into seeing it, I am indignant."

It is hoped that some carnival or exposition managers may soon be found who even at the risk or losing a few dollars will determine to keep their hands clean from the blood of fool-hardy aviators.

Who was to blame for Lincoln Beachey's end? Every one who likes to watch a man gamble with death encourages him to do the foolish thing and is responsible when death wins the game.

THE DARKEST DAYS FOR THE JEWS SINCE THE DESTRUCTION OF JERUSALEM.

Mr. Herman Bernstein, editor of "The Day", has contributed an article to the New York Sun, in which he states:

"Since the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem the Jewish people have had no darker page in their history than that which the Russian Government is writing to-day. Six million Jews, one-half of the Jewish people throughout the world, are being persecuted, hounded, humiliated, tortured, starved. Thousands of them have been slaughtered. Hundreds of thousands of Jews, old men, women and children, are being driven mercilessly from town to town—driven by the Government, attacked by the troops of their own country, plundered and outraged.

"Upward of 400,000 Jews are fighting for Russia in the armies, fighting bravely and loyally. The list of Jewish heroes is so large that the Russian censor has commenced to suppress their Jewish names.

"The horrors of Kishineff and Homel and the pogroms that were organized in hundreds of Russian towns on the same day attracted universal attention and were condemned by the entire civilized world because those pogroms were made in time of peace.

"The situation of the Jews in Russia is far graver today. The wholesale expulsions, the executions of Jews without trial, now occur when their brethren are giving their lives for their country. An unparalleled conspiracy against the entire Jewish population of Russia is at this time being organized in order to cover and excuse the demoralization and defeats of the Russian troops and to make it impossible for the Jews to get recognition in the form of equal rights after the war is ended.

"The Belgians were ruined, massacred. The whole world was shocked. Universal sympathy was aroused. The world was most generous in its response. It has given bread to the starving and hope to the ruined nation.

"The Polish people, too, are ruined. Their fields, drenched with blood, are desolate. Their towns are destroyed, their industries paralyzed, their women and children are starving. But they have promises that give them hope for a rejuvenated, united and autonomous Poland.

"The Jews of Russia are tortured and massacred, but not even a ray of hope is held out to them. The world does not know the horrors that are being perpetrated upon them in Russia while the war is going on. The Russian censorship is so strict that it is almost by a miracle that any news escapes from the house of death—the provinces known as the Jewish Pale of Settlement."

Mr. Bernstein had a letter from a Polish sufferer in part as follows:

"We have read in newspapers that you heard about the Jewish massacres in Poland. You cannot imagine how the Cossacks are plundering our brethren. They are ruining us. I come from Poland, where I was plundered by our troops, the Cossacks. The authorities are sending innocent old Jews—men and women—to Siberia. We have written you many letters from Poland about our troubles, but you are not getting them.

"Dear brethren, have mercy on the six million Jews in Russia and take our part! Ask the Russian Ministers why we are being tortured so mercilessly. Our children are slaughtered in the Russian army. We are contrib-

uting large sums of money, too. But we are attacked from all sides. We have no rights. We are driven from the villages. Wherever they can find filth they cast it upon us.

"O Lord, make an end to our sufferings! We have no strength to endure them no longer. This letter is written with tears and blood. I wanted to write much more, but I am sure that such a letter would not reach you."

A field correspondent of the Sun writes from Poland:

"About six months ago the Russian military authorities carried out the first general Jewish expulsion. In three days the entire Jewish population was driven out from Skerniewicz, Grodzisk and several other towns in that vicinity. Gen. Scheideman was the first commander to attempt such an experiment, for up to that time none of the "brilliant" Russian Generals had dared to wreak this form of vengeance upon the Jews for the victories of the Germans.

"The effect of this experiment was striking. The civil authorities, the representatives of the anti-Semitic Russian Red Cross, various Russian men of prominence, who were then in Warsaw, saw for the first time with thier own eyes the terrible procedure of the Russian General. They were astounded. Public opinion was aroused. The press dwelt upon the outrage.

"It seemed that every one had been stirred to protest in one form or another. The Jewish population received the impression that the experiment would never be resorted to again and that the barbarians would be afraid to ruin entire cities on the battlefield.

"So they thought; but only to the end of the past year, when the expulsions began, which are still continued. Day by day they grow greater and more far reaching. They have ruined not less than half a million Russian and Polish Jews. And the end of this vast, unheard-of catastrophe is not yet in sight. Jewish history has had more than one opportunity to recount overwhelming catastrophes, but we may be certain that the catastrophes of to-day and of to-morrow have never had an equal.

"At the beginning of January the Russian army suffered more crushing defeats. The loss of life was enormous. The Germans continued to hold the initiative and the Russians remained on the defensive.

"The leaders who comprise the General Staff of the Commander in Chief, Gen. Yanushkevitch, decided to aim the first blow at the Jewish population of Poland. Of course, victory would be assured. This no one doubted.

"So it all began. Suddenly a command was issued to expel all the Jews from the left bank of the Vistula in three days. This time was not allowed to all the communities. In some villages only twelve hours were given, in some one day, in other two days. Zshiridov, Wiskitki, Prushkov, Novi-Miasta, Mshtshanov and a number of other cities and villages had to bid farewell to their whole Jewish population. In vain the Jews wept and implored. Not the slightest pity was shown toward babes in arms, the sick and the aged. In those cold, wet, wintry days, without wagons or horses, without warm clothing, leaving all their belongings, all their property, their homes and their stores, the great droves of exiled Jews began their weary journey to Warsaw on foot.

"More than 30,000 Jews, ragged and frozen, streamed into Warsaw in the course of three days. All the refuges were already filled to overflowing with the victims of the former expulsions, great and small. There was no room for the newly homeless. Day and night I went from one end of the city to the other to see to what condition so many thousands of Jews had been reduced.

"I shall not dwell here upon the well known facts—the frozen babies, the old Jews who were not able to walk forty versts and died along the way. I shall not attempt to describe how the Polish population in the cities and villages broke into the Jewish homes and stores even before the unfortunate owners had been driven out. It is all too recent for me to be able to give you the terrible picture. My blood still boils. My eyes still see the ghosts of the dead. I cannot write.

"It is worth noting, however, that this unusual expulsion completely ruined the whole neighborhood where the Russian army was stationed and that because of it several new defeats were assured. For it is evident that if such fearful demoralization is introduced among the population which is intimately connected with the army a greater demoralization is inevitable among the soldiers themselves.

"Thirty thousand Jews came to Warsaw in the first few days; thousands of others stopped at various points along the way; thousands more reached Warsaw several days later. Thousands of Jews lay for weeks on the cold, snow covered fields.

"In the neighborhood of the fortress of Novogeorgievsk there is a town called Plonsk, not far from the city of Zechonow. Russian soldiers broke into Plonsk and drove out all the Jews from their homes. A terrible panic followed. Hundreds of Jewish families fled from the city. Shots were fired from all directions. The Jews ran out into the fields in fright and confusion. There they remained almost a whole week until they were driven further.

"The entire army and the whole Polish population watched the tortures of the Jews and understood they could now do what they wished to them. It is not hard to kill a Jew; it is easy to seize and dishonor a Jewish woman; it is quite simple to drive a Jew from his store and take away all his goods.

"At the same time the army began to receive practical lessons in such robbery. This is even done now. This is the method:

"A group of soldiers enter a village. The quartermaster does not wish to bother buying provisions and providing food for the soldiers. So he distributes money among them and leaves that task to them.

"The soldiers spread out over the entire village. They take what they wish. Of course they do not pay for anything and what happens is real robbery. Not every Jew is willing to maintain several Russian soldiers at his own expense, so conflicts begin which lead in many cases to pogroms.

"Theoretical advice is also given with these lessons. In Zshirordov, for example, when the expulsion of the 5,000 Jews in that city began, the representative of the Russian Red Cross, Tichomirov, was so impressed and satiesfied with the zeal of the Russian military authorities that he was not shamed to say publicly:

'I have always been of the opinion that the Jewish question in Russia can be solved in only one way; either all the Jews should be hanged here or they should be driven out of the country.'"

The latest letter from the field correspondent was published in the Sun on the 13th of this month. In that he wrote:

"The Russian army is continually suffering new defeats and the tragedy of the Jewish population is growing ever greater and deeper. At first there were rumors of plans to expel all the Jews from Poland. Now there is public talk of the decision to exile all the Jews from Petrograd.

"At first the Jews were driven out of the small Jewish towns in Poland. Now a command has been issued in Wilna ordering at a stated time the wholesale exile of the Jewish population of that city, no less than 100,000 Jews. Formerly there were threats; now the inhuman plans are actually carried out. The authorities are not even ashamed to have a short notice of these outrages appear in a foreign newspaper.

"We must make clear the latest facts and the well formulated system of the Russian military authorities; and, if, when that has been done, the "neutral" Jewish world in America does not take steps to induce the Jews and non-Jews of France and England to join in forcing the wild barbarians of the other half of Europe to act more humanely toward the Jewish population, then Russian Jewry will be reduced to such ruin that it will be too late to work for its regeneration.

"The latest facts are quite plain. Orders have been issued to banish all the Jews from the Subalk and Lomz provinces; to clear all Grodno of the Jewish population; to exile from Warsaw all the Jewish refugees; to expel the Jews from every district where the military staffs of the army may come in case the army retreats; to drive from Galicia into Russia all the Jews who are suspected of being unfriendly to the Russian army.

"These are all facts. Present rumors are so wild and senseless that I shall not even repeat them here, in order not to cause unnecessary panic in the ranks of American Jewry, although there are several indications that certain brutal plans will be translated into reality. But it is too soon to speak of them now and there is, after all, nothing to be said on the subject, because, if they are carried out, no intervention will avail. It will be too late.

"The most important facts which must be impressed upon the world to-day are the following: The bands of the Black Hundreds are working against the Jews with all their might, trying to take advantage of the general confusion and panic in the land to make itt utterly impossible for the Jews to live in Russia. These bands rely in the army, on the most prominent persons next to the Grand Duke—the chief of the Grand Duke's Staff, Gen. Yanushkevitch, and the Minister of the Interior, Maklakov, who is to-day the most influential official with the Czar and the most active figure in the Russian Cabinet."

THE PEACE AND PREPAREDNESS CONFERENCE.

About a thousand persons were in attendance at the conference last week in New York. Among the speakers were: Mayor George Haven Putnam, Luke E. Wright, former Secretary of War, George L. Meyer, former secretary of the Navy, and Frederick R. Coudert.

Resolutions were adopted unanimously asking President Wilson to call the attention of Congress to what the conference regarded as a pressing need—prompt and efficient action with regard to national defense.

Mr. Wright, formerly Secretary of War, said:

"We have seen the well established rules of international law, as applied to blockades and the rights of neutrals, disregarded by two of the great belligerent powers. It behooves us, the men and women of America, to see if this bloody tragedy which is being played before our eyes does not carry with it some lesson to us.

"One of those lessons is that treaties, however solemn, in the stress of angry passion or selfish interests, may be torn to shreds, and thrown in the waste basket. Another one is that the rights of neutrals are not always carefully regarded by angry belligerents, and the third, the most important to us, is that if a nation can hope to escape from danger to its prosperity, or to its very existence, it must be by preparation and by a reliance upon its own preparedness, rather than upon treaties, and written papers of any sort.

England in Same Boat With Germany.

"We see to-day evidence of, if not of irritation, at least of the possibility of trouble growing out of the remonstrance of the violation of our rights as a neutral nation; and I am not referring alone to Germany, because England is in the same boat. The English orders in council are just as objectionable from a neutral standpoint as is the sinking of belligerent ships with neutrals on board, without giving them a chance to escape. The underlying principle is the same. Our president is dealing with this delicate situation in a masterly way, and without further referring to this matter, we are well content to leave it to his hands, knowing that he will deal with the subject, with courtesy, with firmness, and we believe with very satisfactory results.

"They say the Lord takes care of drunken men and sailors. I sometimes think the United States of America ought to be added to the list of those who are under his especial guidance."

VICE-PRESIDENT MARSHALL CONCERNING THE NOTE TO GERMANY.

Mr. Marshall said the other day, at Indianapolis, concerning the last official communication to Germany:

"I shall be greatly surprised if there will be found any large number of men who do not fully approve of its tone and contents. The President is meeting conditions, and, no matter how much we may all desire arbitration, and universal peace, conditions are not changed by such desires. He speaks the voice of our common humanity. And I shall be greatly disappointed if the German government does not coincide with his views.

"I have never read lessons of patriotism to other people, and I trust they will not take the trouble to read them to one, all of whose ancestors were in this country in 1776. And I hope that my advice to my fellow-citizens to stay away, if possible, from the zone of danger will not be construed into a right of others to disregard the instincts of our common humanity. We are a peace-loving and a peace-seeking people, and we will meet the powers of the world on that basis whenever it may be possible to devise a workable plan. But until that time comes there are few of us who will not insist upon our rights.

"The President could not consent to a principle which would not put the government behind an American wher-

ever he may lawfully be, however unwise that American's conduct. This is the traditional course insisted upon properly by the American people. Let us sympathize as we please with theories and nations, but let us act as Americans who are citizens of a united country and who forget their birthplace when they assume their duties to the republic and enter into the enjoyment of its blessings."

ROOSEVELT DENOUNCES THE PACIFICISTS.

In a missive to a convention last week in the East he said:

"The professional pacifists, the professional peace-at-any-price men, who during the last five years have been so active, who have pushed the mischievous all-arbitration treaties at Washington, who have condoned our criminal inactivity as regards Mexico, and above all as regards the question raised by the great world war now raging, and who have applauded our abject failure to live up to the obligations imposed upon us as a signatory power of the Hague convention, are at best an unlovely body of men, and taken as a whole are probably the most undesirable citizens that this country contains. . . "The advocates of pacifism . . . . have been preaching poltroonery. Such preaching, if reduced to practice, is ruinous to national character. These men have been doing their best to make us the China of the Occident.

"The prime duty for this nation is to prepare itself so that it can protect itself. . . . Righteousness must be put before peace. It is wicked to be neutral between right and wrong; and this statement can be successfully refused only by men who are prepared to hold up Pontius Pilate, the arch-typical neutral of all time, as worthy of our admiration. An ignoble peace may be the worst crime against humanity and righteous war may represent the greatest service a nation can at a given moment render to itself and to mankind."

We wish Roosevelt would be more temperate in the use of his tongue and pen. Excessive vehemence and denunciation cannot be commended in any man anywhere.

WESTERN MEDICINE IN EASTERN LANDS.

A conference under the auspices of the American Academy of Medicine will be held Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock in the First Congregational Church of San Francisco. All are invited. Addresses as follows:

Rev. J. K. Browne, missionary from Turkey: "The Orient's Call for Western Medicine and Surgery."

Dr. Caroline S. Merwin, of Tsinan Fu, Shantung, China: "A Day in a Woman's Hospital in North China."

Dr. C. H. Denman, lately medical missionary in Siam: "A Western Doctor Among Eastern Medicine Men."

Dr. Mary Riggs Noble, vice-principal of the Woman's Christian Medical College in Ludhiana, India: "Medical Work in India."

Dr. L. C. Bulkley, physician in charge of hospital in Tap Tieng, Trang, Malay Peninsula: "Medical and Sanitary Work in a Buddhist Country."

Dr. Walter Welcome Wood: "Why I Have Chosen to Be a Foreign Medical Missionary."

What the world needs is the resolute step, the look of cheer, the smiling countnance, and the kindly word. Keep sweet.

Among the Churches.

Claremont.—Rev. Charles W. Huntington, D.D., Waltham, Mass., has been secured by the local church as acting pastor during the year beginning with September. In the meantime Rev. William O. Wark, who is connected with Pomona College, is in charge of the church.

Porterville.—Sunday the 13th Rev. John K. Browne gave strong, inspiring messages, full of the local color of his Turkish mission field. The Church School celebrated Children's Day to the delight of the parents. There were three baptisms and eight accessions to the church. It was an encouraging and significant day.

Pomona.—The pulpit of Pilgrim Church is being supplied by various ministers this month. On Sunday, June 13, Rev. A. B. Case preached both morning and evening. Mr. Case is now living in Pomona. He started on Tuesday, June 15, for his former missionary field in Mexico, on a short business trip. On June 20th the preacher was Rev. Stephen G. Emerson, of Prescott, Arizona, who had come to California to attend the Pomona College Commencement, his oldest daughter being one of the graduates of that institution this year.

DR. KINGMAN GIVEN LEAVE OF ABSENCE.

The Rev. Dr. Kingman, pastor of the Congregational Church at Claremont, has been granted leave of absence for a year, his salary to continue in part, and arrangements have been made for a supply, as will be seen in an item in The Pacific this week. This year of rest has been well-earned by Dr. Kingman, who is one of the most conscientious of workers, and all that he will gain in a physical and mental and spiritual way thereby will be for the enrichment of the church when he returns. Along with the good wishes and prayers of the people of Claremont which will follow Dr. Kingman wherever he may go the coming year will go that of the wider fellowship to whom he has greatly endeared himself through his work in California.

NOTES AND PERSONALS.

The Rev. Frank Dyer, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Tacoma, is visiting the Exposition.

Next Monday at the meeting of the Congregational ministers of San Francisco and vicinity the Rev. E. B. Hart will give the paper.

The loose plate contributions at the First Congregational Church, San Francisco, last Sunday were $267—$135 in the morning and $132 in the evening. This was exclusive of the money in envelopes. Frequently at the Tuesday evening services, where people are asked to contribute only a nickel, the amount has been between $74 and $75.

The Houghton, Mifflin Company of Boston will publish soon a new book by Professor William Frederic Bade of Pacific Theological Seminary, entitled "The Old Testament in the Light of Today." A subtitle will be, "A Study in Moral Development." Professor Bade has been made the literary executor of John Muir and will have ready for publication soon Mr. Muir's "Travels in Alaska", a book on which he was at work at the time of his death.

The Rev. A. W. Palmer of Plymouth Church, Oakland, writes: "I have a man in whom I am much interested who is in desperate need of work. He is thirty-six years old and has a wife and six children dependent on him. He has had experience in mill work, lumbering and farming. He will go anywhere and do anything to earn money to support his family. Do you suppose any reader of "The Pacific" could give this man and his family a chance to get hold?"

INTERNATIONAL LORD'S DAY CONGRESS.

This congress will be held in the new auditorium in Oakland July 27 to August 1.

Judge Alton B. Parker, once a candidate for the Presidency, will be the chairman.

Able speakers will be in attendance from all over the country. We name a few:

Abraham Kuyper, D.D., LL.D., former Prime Minister of Holland; Canon Bicketsteth Ottley, secretary Imperial Sunday Alliance, London; President Thwing of the Western Reserve University, Cleveland; President Mary E. Wolly of Mt. Holyoke; Dr. Josiah Strong, President of the American Institute for Social Service; Dr. Henry Collin Minton, President National Reform Association; Hon. William J. Bryan; Andrew Murray; George F. Wright; President Warfield of Princeton; Prof. Martin of the Harvard Medical School; Prof. Gies of College of Physicians and Surgeons, Columbia University; and many other men of eminence.

POMONA COLLEGE.

The gift of $100,000 by the General Education Board of New York is made on condition that $400,000 in addition shall be raised by the College. Of the half-million dollars thus to be secured, $150,000 must go toward the general endowment and the balance into new buildings.

In order to maintain the present standard of work and keep within the present equipment it has become necessary to limit the entering class to 200 students equally divided between men and women. It was announced at commencement that applications for admission have been already received from 105 men and 125 women. It is possible that the limitations set by the College may be somewhat increased.

CAMPBELL.

Our Children's Day exercises were a fine success. The Sunday School took the morning services and gave the third of the Building series. Two years ago: "The Building of the Ship of Life". Last year: "Building the Ladder of Success". This year: "Building the Wall of Character". They make a beautiful series of children's day services and were very greatly enjoyed by crowded houses.

The Pastor gave the baccalaureate address for the High School this year, as last, taking as his theme "The Fine Art of Sailing on." The following hymn was written by Mr. Atkinson for the occassion:

Look, oh my classmates, a bright light is breaking
Over the future, we face here tonight;
We pause at the threshold of life, and are taking
Deep draughts of courage to battle for right.

Gone are the glad days of class room and bleacher,
Silent the bell that admonished the hour;
Hushed are the voices of comrade and teacher,
But awake in our hearts is a God-given power.

Where will we meet them, these friends of the schoolroom,
Whose love and trust there did brighten my way?
Out in Life's work, where they struggle for freedom,
Staunch and strong hearted, and true every day.

Naught shall defeat us, on Thy strength we're leaning.
Deep in our hearts faith sings her sweet song.
Chastened by pains we'll learn life's deeper meaning
Out of our weakness, through Thee we'll grow strong.

Clear from the future a bright morn is waking,
Faithful and true will we answer the call.
We'll go where Thou leadest, and never forsaking,
We'll conquer in Life, for we'll "Sail on" through all!

On the evening of June 20th, the Sunday before St. John's Day, the Pastor invited the Masons and their families for a special St. John's service. He spoke on "The Greatest Man who ever took second place." A fine crowd was out including some from Los Gatos and San Jose.

The pastor is spending two weeks at the Summer School of Religion at the Seminary in Berkeley. His trip is a present from his official Board. Other Boards copy!

WASHINGTON.

The 33rd. annual commencement of Whitman College took place on the 15th. It was an event of unusual interest. The many friends of Whitman will be glad to know that it is in better condition financially than in all its history, as well as in every other respect.

President Penrose recommended an increase in the salaries of the professors. The budget for the coming year calls for $85,000. It is 49 years since Whitman seminary was opened and the school has been in operation ever since, and has exerted a tremendous influence over the "Inland Empire" and beyond. Many of the students of early days are now among the most prominent men and women in this region, and filling high positions.

The president's baccalaureate sermon struck a high note and made a profound impression. The subject was Christ and the State. Special attention was called to the permanency of the faculty, to which credit was given for the first-class standing of the college in the country. Prof. L. F. Anderson, the son of the first president, Dr. A. J. Anderson, has been a teacher of Greek from the beginning. Prof. W. D. Lyman, the author of the "Columbia River," has been with the institution since 1888. Two other teachers, Profs. Brown and Bratton, have served for over twenty years, and President Stephen B. L. Penrose has rounded out 21 years as the head of the college, and is more popular today than ever before.

Wonders have been accomplished during his administration, and Whitman College is recognized today as one of the greatest institutions of learning in the Northwest. Its position is permanent and its influence widening, and its future full of promise.

The degree of LL.D. was conferred upon Senator W. E. Borah, and Miles C. Moore, former territorial governor of Washington. The honorary degree of D.D. was conferred upon Rev. W. W. Scudder, our genial and efficient superintendent. Whitman College has nearly 500 students in all departments, about 300 in the college proper. There were 30 graduates this year with promise of more the coming year. The junior class has more than 100 members. The aim of the college is high grade scholarship and the making of character, and they seek quality rather than quantity. An editorial in the Spokesman-Review, the great "Inland Empire" daily, said: "The aim of Whitman is the diffusion of culture and the creation of fullorbed character. The performance of the college is the making of broadly and soundly educated men and women, and then sending them forth into all the world to serve society and the state. The missionary motive inspired the founding of Whitman. This motive of service to humanity, through the forces of ripe culture, and strong and gracious character still shapes the course of the college."

The writer was pleased to meet his old friend and brother, Rev. G. H. Lee, at the commencement exercises of Whitworth College, a few years ago. One of his daughters was among the graduates. He will conduct the music at the religious convention to be held by the Nez Perces Indians next week and the following week. Brother Lee has just began his ministry with the Presbyterian church of Newburg, Ore.

Spokane, Wash., June 18th, 1915. J. EDWARDS.

The Home.

BE CALM AND KIND.

Be calm in arguing; for fierceness makes
Error a fault, and truth discourtesy.
Why should I feel another man's mistakes
More than his fickleness or poverty!
In love I should; but anger is not love,
Nor wisdom neither;—therefore gently move!

Be useful where thou livest, that they may
Both want and wish thy pleasing presence still:—
Kindness, good parts, great places, are the way
To compass this. Find out men's Wants and Will,
And meet them there!—All worldly joys grow less
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

—George Herbert.

SELFISHNESS AND NERVOUSNESS.

One cannot say that selfishness is responsible for nervousness, and yet unquestionably it is often a considerable factor in causing nervous ailments.

The self-centered individual who is continually thinking of his own comfort and who manifests annoynance over every trifle which interferes with his particular occupation or activity, is running a decided risk. With advancing age a marked degree of irritability is almost sure to follow.

If a selfish attitude is cultivated and consideration is demanded for individual whims without consideration for others, this readily grows to be little less than a mania. Our nervous systems are delicately adjusted, and once the mind weakens its control, it is apt to become a factor for pain or discomfort.

In the beginning many of the things which "get on our nerves" do not really distress us. We note them casually. With their repetition comes the selfish wish to have our individual comfort considered without regard for general conditions. If we give way to this, the most trifling occurrences hold the possibility of causing infinite annoyance.

The greatest number of sufferers from nervous diseases are not, as might be expected, overworked individuals, but are commonly enough people who have little or nothing to do and for want of activity devote too much time to thinking of self.

It is common to hear some irritable individual say, "So and so gets on my nerves," and the very manner of the speaker has an equally irritating effect upon the unfortunate auditors. Nervous irritability and selfishness beget their like. They are contagious.

Let us be unselfish and avoid the spreading of this all too common complaint.—Samuel G. Dixon, M. D., LL. D., Commissioner of Health.

"SWEET DAY OF REST."

"I got up early," says the farmer's wife, "and dressed the children and fed my chickens and strained the milk and washed up the milk things and got breakfast and washed the dishes and cleaned up the house and gathered the vegetables for dinner and washed the children's hands and faces and put their Sunday clothes on em, and jest as I was startin' to get myself ready for church," says she, "I happened to think that I hadn't skimmed the milk for the next day's churnin'. So I went down to the springhouse and did the skimmin', and jest as I picked up the cream jar to put in on the shelf my foot slipped," says she, "and down I came and skinned my elbow on the rock step, and broke the jar all to smash, and spilled the cream all over creation.

"However," says she, "I picked up the pieces and washed up the mess, and then I went to the house to git myself ready for church, and I heard Sam hollerin' for me to come and sew a button on his shirt. The children had been playin' with my work basket and I couldn't find a needle, and," to make a long story short, she ran the needle into her finger, and when she was dressed the children were dirty from playing in the mud and she had to dress them again. Then she rubbed her own dress against the black grease of the wagon hub.

No wonder that, as she says, "The nearer we got to the church the madder I was."

No wonder that she refused to join in singing the hymn: "Welcome, Sweet Day of Rest."

No wonder that, in telling of it afterward, she said:

"I ain't seen any day of rest since the day I married Sam, and I don't expect to see any till the day I die; and if Parson Page wants that hymn sung I'll let him get up a choir of old maids and old bachelors, for they're the only people that ever see any rest on Sunday or any other day."

No wonder that when Sam took the preacher home with him to dinner that day she rebelled against cooking a big meal and gave them "left-over cold vittles."

But Parson Page's heart was right, and he said:

"I'd rather eat a cold dinner any time than have a woman toilin' over a hot stove for me."

And then she, just like a woman, cooked him a "whaling big supper."—Kansas City Star.

For The Children.

WHEN GRANDMA GOES AWAY.

If she was here she'd read to me and tell me stories too,
And then we'd crack some hick'ry nuts, and when that fun was through
Maybe we'd take a little walk—'course Tige would have to go—
I tell you what, he misses her! I'd really like to know
If when he whines and looks at me, he doesn't try to say,
"It's awful lonesome in this house when Grandma's gone away!"

THE LAST OF THE FOREST FAIRIES.

It was on the stroke of midnight, and the forest fairies were assembling for their revels. They came tripping along the mossy paths in twos and threes, singing and laughing gaily. Under the great old oak they gathered, where the queen awaited them.

But there were still many loiterers, and the queen ordered her trumpeter to sound a louder call.

"Hark!" said one, "what is that?"

"The queen's summons," replied the other. "Let us hasten; it may be that she has something of special importance to say to us to-night."

So the fairies who had been lingering by the way made all haste, and soon they were standing with the others, under the old oak tree, waiting to hear their queen speak.

"My children," she said, "This is a sad occasion, for it is the last time we hold our revels in this loved spot. Ere the dawn comes we must start out to find a new home. It may be that we have a long journey before us—who can say?—for we must not rest till we find a shady glade, untrodden yet by foot of man."

She paused a moment, for there arose a low murmur of dissent amongst her subjects. They did not wish to leave this beautiful glen in which they had lived for hundreds of years. How did they know that they would ever reach the quiet glade of which the queen spoke? It seemed a terrible thing to venture forth into the unknown world. Who would say what dragons or other fearsome things they might meet by the way! And they had been so very happy in the forest. It seemed hard that they should have to go.

"My children," went on the Queen, "be sure I know what is best for you. This is no longer the place for us. The birds have fled, the nightingale is no longer heard here. Even the tiny wild animals who used to romp with you, they, too, have fled before the approach of man. See! Our home is no longer fair, and fresh, and green. It has been invaded by man. He comes with his family riding on a wild, shrieking thing they call a motor, which tears up the ground, and bruises the plants, and throws dust on everything it passes; for it is a spiteful creature. Look at the dainty robes of the delicate wild rose, how soiled they are ere evening comes by the dust and grime thrown over her by this screaming thing that no one can ever tame! The air is no longer fragrant with the breath of the flowers, but is tainted by the smell of the food they give this monster! For man has discovered this lovely valley. He comes here to picnic, and strews the place with paper and broken bottles. He treads on the frail ferns, and tears up the tender wood anemones, the primroses, violets, and bluebells; then throws them aside, not caring how they suffer! All the melody of the forest is stifled with the noise and shouting and things, and prize only what they see with their eyes, and can grasp with their hands. You, my children, are not awake in the daytime, therefore you do not know, and you cannot see the wreck they have made of this, our home. The kindly moon throws her silvery veil over it all by night. So how should you know? Ah! how should you know!"

"You have forgotten that the gay horsemen who used to go a hunting through these glades, lie sleeping. The merry children who used to search for us on tiptoe, peeping under every leaf to find us, they, too, lie sleeping. These last few hundred years they have slept, whilst we still kept our revels. Though their sleep is deep, perchance they dream of us.

"But the children of to-day, alas! they are too restless and eager to tread the magic paths of Fairyland. They have no time for golden dreams. They long for the pleasures that money can buy—the possessions that can give no joy, whilst all the delights to be found in the realm of fancy they toss aside, or ignore altogether."

She paused again, and looked around tearfully. She was finding it difficult to say all that she felt, but her subjects must be made to understand the urgent necessity of leaving this place at once.

"Oh, sweet Queen, let us stay!" urged the fairies. "Do let us stay. There are still some children left who dream of us. They may come to us in their dreams. How sad if they do not find us!"

"It cannot be," replied the queen. "To-morrow, ere the dawn comes, we must take our departure. But to-night we will hold our revels as of yore. We will be gay and bright, and forget our sorrows till the morning."

"But the earth children, sweet Queen they will miss us. Oh! they will miss us!"

"My children, do not make the parting more difficult. It breaks my heart to leave this spot, but do not fear, the earths children will not miss us. They have ceased to believe in us." And the Queen's voice shook with emotion.

"Alas! the time has come for our departure. If there is no quiet spot left in this world, then we must seek another planet. Look up at the sky. See how many million stars there are. In one of them we will surely find a home."

But the fairies did not feel so heroic; they shivered at the thought of travelling through endless space to some far away star. Supposing they lost their way! No; they would much rather stay in their own little glade, even though it become tossed and dusty. But the older fairies knew it was time for them to go. They had been wakeful in the daytime of late, and had seen strange sights, and heard strange sounds that filled them with dread.

"To your revels, children!" called the Queen. "Do not be unhappy on this, your last night." And she tried to put a cheerful tone into her voice.

Immediately there was a stir amongst the fairies. They threw off the burden of their grief, and were ready to enjoy themselves in light-hearted fashion, as they had done on every moonlight night for the last ten hundred years.

They were just about to start their revels when they had all fled, hiding under leaves and flowers, and blades of grass!

Two small white-robed figures entered the glade. "Twas here I saw the fairy ring," said one. "Just here. The moss was trodden down ever so little, and deep down I saw a tiny pink thing, like a fairy shoe."

"I thought I saw tiny faces smiling at me from under the leaves," said the other. "Look. There's one. Now she's gone!"

"Let's sit here and keep very still," said the first child.

"Perhaps the fairies will really come out and dance. But we must not frighten them."

So both children sat down on the soft green moss, and waited to see what would happen.

And the Queen of the forest fairies called her subjects, and spoke very softly to them. "Do not fear these earth children," she whispered. They are asleep in their cots at home. Only in their dreams have they come to us. Weave your sweetest fancies round them."

So the fairies hastened to obey their much-loved Queen. Daintily they tripped over the grass, and gathered round the two sleeping children. Then they caught hands and sang a lullaby. But ever and again a plaintive note crept into their song as they remembered that they were also singing their good-bye to the forest.

Then they wove an invisible web of golden dreams over the children, saying, "Oh, earth children, we weave our sweetest fancies round you. Go on dreaming your wondrous dreams, so that they fill your lives with love and beauty. Go on dreaming, little sleepers."

Then all was silent. The forest fairies had disappeared, leaving no trace behind them save a few crumpled rose petals and the trodden-down moss along the track of the moonbeams.—British Congregationalist.

SAID THE ROSE TO THE PINK.

"Do you see that child who is coming this way?"
Said the Rose to the Pink,—
"What can it be that makes her so gay?
What do you think?"

" 'Tis the frock that she wears, as I believe,"
Said the Pink to the Rose,—
"A pretty frock, as you can perceive,
Wherever it grows."

"I think she is proud that her eyes are blue,"
Said the Rose to the Pink,—
"For a daintier frock she can see on you,
Or on me, as I think."

"Perhaps she is gay because we are here,"
Said the Pink to the Rose,—
"Let us smile our brightest as she draws near,
Our love to disclose."

—Louise Chandler Moulton.

JOHNNY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?
Such a lot o' treasures in it!
Listen, now, while I bedin it;
Such a lot o' sings it hold,
And all there is you sall be told,—
Everysin' dat's in my pottet
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet
A beauty shell; I picked it up;
The shell's a hole in it, you see;
Nobody knows that I have dot it,
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,
And here's my pennies, one, two, three,
That Aunt Mary gave to me;
Tomorow day I'll buy a spade
When I'm out walking with the maid.
I can't put dat here in my pottet,
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sin's in my pottet;
Here's my lead, and here's my string,
And once I had an iron ring.
But through a hole it lost one day;
And here is what I always say—
A hole's the worst sin' in a pottet—
Have it mended when you've dot it.

GENESIS AND EVOLUTION.

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